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Tribute to Carl Bergmann.

BY DR. R. OGDEN DOREMUS.

At the Bergmann Memorial Concert, at Steinway Hall, last Sunday evening, Dr. Doremus, ex-president of the New York Philharmonic Society, paid the following thoughtful and touching tribute to the memory of one whose services to the cause of music in New York can hardly be over-estimated: Ladies and Gentlemen: Members of the "Philharmonic," "Liederkranz" and "Saenger-runde" Societies: As a cordial friend of the departed Bergmann, and an ardent admirer of his genius, and because of my official relations with him in the Philharmonic Society during the most brilliant part of his professional career, I have been honored with the request to participate in these sad memorial services. On the day appointed to sacred thoughts, when the hum of business and political strife is checked; when the sun has set, and the stars of Heaven yield us their celestial light, how appropriate that we should gather ourselves together and with heart give utterance to our profound regrets.

"Time has laid his hand upon his heart gently, not smiting it. But as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

Carl Bergmann was one of the choicest gifts of Germany to America.

He was born in Saxony in 1821. One of his schoolmates says, "he was a musician from childhood." When but 18 years of age he became a musical director! The rebellion of 1848 induced him to cross the Atlantic in search of a new home.

As the conductor of the celebrated "Germania Society" many of us first knew him. Since 1857 his name has been familiar to us in connection with the "New York Philharmonic Society," (the oldest association of professional instrumental musicians in America), at one time dividing the honors of conductorship with the renowned Eisfeld; but for the last fourteen years in sole charge of the baton, now so successfully wielded by his distinguished successor Dr. Damrosch. As conductor of the great German festival in 1855, Bergmann added fresh laurels to his name. A year later he presented us with the first troupe of German Opera singers. He has occupied the position of leader of several of our great singing societies, as the "Arion," the "Liederkranz" and the "Saengerrunde." Bergmann was a man of progress. To him we are indebted for our first lessons in the so-called "*Music of the Future.*"

In 1856, with the efficient aid of the Arion Society, he introduced for the first time in America, Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Other works soon followed, such as the Faust overture—Tristan and Isolde—Lohengrin—Meistersinger. Under his conductorship we heard first in this city the intricate compositions of Liszt: The Faust Symphony—Dante—Berg Symphony—The Preludes—Tasso. But I leave to my distinguished fellow citizen, Herr Klamroth, who follows me, to tell you the full story of this remarkable life.

You, gentlemen, (turning to the Philharmonic and other societies) who have been swayed by the power of his magic wand, as he has triumphantly led you through the intricate harmonies of the almost inspired composers, keenly feel his loss. You fully comprehend the rare qualities requisite in a successful conductor, which he so pre-eminently possessed. A musical organization combining the comprehensive brain to grasp the poetic conception of the author, with its varying lights and shades; a thorough familiarity with every instrument of the orchestra; a quick and delicate ear, so acute that each and every performer, whether instrumentalist or vocalist, knows and feels that he is under strict surveillance, a glance of the flashing eye of his leader giving approval or the reverse; and superadded to these rare gifts the "*Sacred Fire;*" and the genius to communicate the inspiration to all under his control, that auditors may thrill with the electric rendering. A conductor, though he be like the son of Cœlus and Terra of Greek Mythology, *Briareus*, with his hundred hands and fifty heads, labors in vain if he lacks this magnetic influence. Those to be swayed must have complete confidence in the knowledge of the controlling spirit; a respect almost amounting to fear; and there must emanate from the conductor a mysterious power, never yet analyzed by the chemist, the physicist or the physiologist, but similar to that possessed by a great military chieftain as he triumphantly leads his army to victory. This city mourns the loss of a great teacher. In the midst of the engrossing labors of this busy mart, the human brain needs and often craves relaxation, in the development of its finer and higher capacities. Two generations have had the privilege (availed of by many now before me) of this education under the fostering care of the Philharmonic Society. For the fifth of a century the name of Carl Bergmann has been indissolubly associated with it: and the proud laurels it has won have been achieved under the potent influence of his controlling genius. I doubt if our citizens fully appreciate the disinterested labors of this society. Just before visiting Paris in 1847 I was told by one of its members, M. Boucher, a distinguished violincellist, that notwithstanding the variety and superiority of the music in that brilliant European capital, I should be unable to hear any of the grand compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Weber, Handel, Haydn or Mozart, for they were not offered to the public. This I found to be true. The faithful services of this society, with which our lamented one was so long connected, should be rewarded by the advocates of a higher culture in music, with a hearty responsive patronage: a suitable music hall; and with means to aid the suffering and at times indigent musician.

I cannot but feel that we delay too long our expressions of appreciation, until the honored ones have passed beyond the need of human sympathy. The sad fate of one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society weighs heavily on my heart. This community owes him a debt of gratitude. High honors are conferred on military heroes, and on those distinguished in the political arena; while the gifted teacher to whom is entrusted the moulding of the human brain, sometimes asks for bread, and we give him a stone. Our souls may be too petrified to grant this memorial tribute.

True, there may be imperfections of character. These are spots on the face of the sun. The gorgeous hues of the solar spectrum are crossed by dark lines. Every star that glitters in yon heavens, when criticized by the prism, exhibits similar peculiarities.

"He who is innocent, let him cast the first stone." These habiliments of mourning seldom decorate this hall.

We meet to honor the dead. "DEAD! A world of sorrow lies in the word," (says Hans Christian Andersen.) "It is a two-edged sword, which while it sunders the beloved of our heart, penetrates our own bosom. A single word, as short, only can heal the wound—it is GOD."

"The departed, the departed, they visit us in dreams,

"And float above our memories as cloudlets over streams."

If the bright spirits of those who have gone before are permitted to revisit these earthly scenes, may we not invoke the presence of him we mourn?

Ye artists, who are gifted with the power to produce sweet harmonies, foretastes of celestial bliss; and we who are privileged to listen, may we all feel that the beloved Bergmann is with us once more!

In our loss of his bodily presence let us be submissive and respond with the sacred writer: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."—*The American Art Journal, Nov.* 18.

Hiller's "Musical and Personal."

(From the Monthly Musical Record.)

Musikalisches und Persönliches. Von FEDINAND HILLER. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Excepting Wagner, there is, probably, no living German musician who, in the double capacity of composer and writer on musical subjects, has employed his pen more actively than Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. It would, doubtless prove an interesting task to speak at length of his many fine compositions which, though widely known and esteemed in Germany, cannot be said to have met with the recognition they deserve in England. That they have not done so can only be put down to some strange fatality, such as that arising from the infrequency of his visits to us and the consequent absence of personal influence. From his book on Mendelssohn, and the many fugitive articles, translations of which from time to time have appeared in the *Musical World* and elsewhere, he may be said to be better known here as a writer on musical subjects than as a composer. By degrees, it is pleasing to note, he seems to be publishing his most important writings in a collected form. Three volumes, "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit"—the first two of which were issued in 1868, have been before the world for some time. Quite recently he has edited a volume of letters by Moritz Hauptmann, in addition to the book which heads this notice. It is of this latter that we have now to speak.

Like its predecessors, issued under the title "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit," this latest contribution of Dr. Hiller's to musical literature consists of a series of articles which for the most part have been suggested by some passing occasion. Some of them we remember to have already read in the *Kolnische Zeitung*, but are glad to meet with them again in a collected form, and to find that they have thus been rescued fram the oblivion which contributions to a daily paper usually meet with.

"Musikalisches und Persönliches"—"Musical and Personal"—Few, perhaps, will so readily recognize the pertinence of the title adopted by Dr. Hiller for his book as reviewers in search for a convenient mode of classifying its contents. A better or more distinctive title could hardly have been devised. All the articles which it contains are more or less musical; all are more or less personal—that is to say, they have been suggested by passing events, such as the deaths of men of note with whom he had come in personal contact, or by matters in which he has himself taken an important part, or has felt so much interest in as to be obliged to express an opinion upon them.

Thus his book furnishes us with biographical or obituary notices of Cherubini,† Ferdinand David, Etienne Joseph Soubré, Moritz Hartmann, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and Louis Napoleon, with all of whom he was more or less intimately acquainted. Under the title "Dramas as Operas," he gives us the text of a lecture delivered in Cologne, in 1874. We have also the speech he made on the occasion of the removal of the Cologne Conservatoire to new premises; a report of the *Concours International* of male vocal societies at Verviers in 1872; and accounts of a tour in Scandinavia, and of a day and a half's stay in Rotterdam. Among the most interesting of the more critical notices are papers on Handel's borrowings; conducting by heart; Handel's *Theodora;* Verdi's *Requiem;* Pergolese's *Stabat Mater;* Bach's *Christmas Oratorio;* Carissimi's *Jonas;* together with reviews of F. A. Gevaert's "Histoire et Théorie de la Musique de l'Antiquité;" C. F. Pohl's "Joseph Haydn;" and Otto Gumprecht's "Neue Musikalische Characterbilder."

The short account of the life and works of Cherubini, for some particulars of which Dr. Hiller acknowledges his indebtedness to M. Fétis, is specially valuable as an expression of his own opinion of the worth of this master, and as containing several anecdotes derived from a personal acquaintance with him, which are not to be found in previous accounts of his life. Of his powers of originality as a composer, Dr. Hiller speaks in the warmest terms, but without exaggeration. He says:—"Our musical historians have repeated, one after the other, that Cherubini, the Italian, did well to turn to Germans as his examples and instructors. It is my conviction that Germans have learnt far more from Cherubini than he from them. For his clear mode of treating the orchestra he may owe something to Haydn; in its liveliness it coincides with that of Mozart, whose greatest master-works were composed only a few years before the most famous of Cherubini's operas. But the undeniable affinity which one has always recognized between Cherubini and Beethoven, can only be attributed to the choice of the latter, except so far as it might be affected by the similarity of their natural genius. One must remember that at the time of *Lodoiska* and *Medea*, Beethoven was still quite a young man, who, though he came forward with his first trios about the same time as an instrumental composer of the first rank, had not yet written a single work which bears any affinity to those of Cherubini. It is clear enough, however, that in the subsequent composition of *Fidelio* he largely drew upon the great Italian's dramatic ssyle of writing, and this he himself openly and honorably avowed."

We must pass over Dr. Hiller's illustrations of some of Cherubini's characteristics, which he says are reflected in his works and *vice versâ*, and which he discusses fully and pleasantly, to repeat one or two anecdotes of the Italian master, which we have met with for the first time. It was Hiller's first wish (he tells us) on his first visit to Paris as a youth of seventeen, to make acquaintance with Cherubini, to whom he was furnished with a letter of introduction from his master, Hummel. At first sight he was disappointed with the lean little man's appearance, which he had anticipated would be as imposing as his music. This soon wore off, and his piercing eye and noble bearing soon seemed more like that of a famous statesman than of a musician. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and many were the acts of kindness received from Cherubini, for which Dr. Hiller expresses his gratitude. As an instance of the good-nature which underlay the severity with which, to its great advantage, he ruled the Conservatoire, Hiller relates that on asking permission one day to borrow a couple of books from the library of the institution, he was met with the stern rejoinder, "Ca ne se peut pas, c'est défendu." The conversation took another turn, and as he was leaving the room Cherubini called him back, and asked, "What, then, are the books you wish to borrow from our library?" "Palestrina's Motets," he replied. "Well, then," said the old man, in kindly tones, "I will have them fetched for myself—and then you shall have them."

On leaving Paris, Hiller begged for a manuscript as a remembrance. Cherubini offered him his choice of two. Without considering much their contents he seized the thickest, and was abont to pocket it, when he was met with the usual "Non, ça ne se peut pas," for the pieces which were lettered and numbered had their respective places in his library, and might not be removed under any pretence. Three days afterwards he received a copy of the coveted score—a very beautiful *Agnus Dei*—which the indefatigable old man, with trembling hand, but with extreme neatness, had in the meantime made himself.

The following testifies to Cherubini's strong sense of order. He had his pocket-handkerchiefs marked with consecutive numbers, indicating the order of rotation in which they were to be used. While on his death-bed, and racked with pain, a fresh handkerchief was handed to him. Noticing even then that it was given to him out of its proper order, he threw it aside, and asked for No. 7—the one whose turn it was. To the last he showed the strong determination of his spirit, dying with the words "Je ne veux pas mourir" almost upon his lips. Eleven years after his demise Hiller had the rare delight of being allowed to examine his *reliquiæ;* the rich result he has detailed in one of his previous volumes—"Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit."

The articles "Dramas as Operas," and "On Conducting by Heart," together with the review of Verdi's *Requiem*, may be classed as polemical; but their polemical character will hardly be recognized by the world at large. Indeed, those who have been wont to regard Hiller as the "Altmeister" of Germany, and consequently a conservative musician of the old school, and a staunch opponent of Wagner and the disciples of the new, will be surprised at the temperate manner in which he delivers himself. Only once (in his review of Otto Gumprecht's work) does he approach severity. Therein he avers that Wagner has much in common with Napoleon III. Will he yet meet with his Sedan? he asks. Hardly, he thinks; but, at the same time, he predicts that his works will meet with their Sedan, because, like those of the once mighty Emperor, as he at least regards them, they are based upon untruth.

The favorable view taken by him of Verdi's *Requiem*—his review of which some, perhaps, will be inclined to regard as a counterblast to Dr. von Bülow's famous letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—will, probably, surprise many. Yet it must be said that Dr. Hiller by no means stands alone among German musicians of eminence who have expressed admiration for Verdi's work.

In the article, "Handel's Borrowings," suggested by some remarks of his biographers and critics, especially Schoelcher and Chrysander, upon Handel's appropriation of somewhat more than occasional passages from the works of Erba, Urio, and others, Handel has found a vigorous advocate and supporter. Far from blaming him for what some have regarded as his thievish propensities, and consequently as marks of weakness, Dr. Hiller makes out a good case in his behalf, which, did space permit, it would be interesting to follow from pcint to pcint. Regarding Handel's borrowings from these composers as a mere drop in the ocean, in comparison to what he originated, he avers that it is Handel they have to thank for the little notoriety they at present may be said to enjoy.

The sketches of travel, necessarily more personal than musical, written in Hiller's generally genial and lively manner, will be found entertaining, and by no means devoid of interest.

Large and Small Concert Halls.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1876.)

One of the questions which the growth of music during the last half-century has brought into peculiar prominence is that of large and small concert-halls. Since the various departments of music—the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, and vocal and instrumental chamber-music—have followed such widely divergent paths, this question has assumed greater and greater importance. It may be safely said that almost all music may be completely *heard* in any hall of good acoustic properties, no matter what the size of such a hall may be. Of course this proposition, like all others in art, must not be submitted to the *reductio ad absurdum*, but within reasonable limits (and they are by no means narrow) it is safely to be asserted. But it must be borne in mind that merely being distinctly *heard* is but one of the many conditions that are indispensable for music to produce its full effect upon the hearer. Leaving aside the question of favorable and congenial surroundings, which applies with equal force to the other arts, there is this point in which music essentially differs from its sister arts. So long as we can distinctly see a picture or a statue, so long as the light is of such quantity and quality as to make its outlines and colors easily discernible to the eye, the conditions for our enjoyment of it are fulfilled; but it is not enough for the outlines and colors of music (to use a not too forced metaphor) to be clearly discernible to the ear. When the observer stands in the best place to view a picture, the diminution of his enjoyment that would result from his lessening or increasing the distance between it and himself is caused solely by the undue prominence of unessential details on the one hand, or by the growing indistinctness of outline and light and shade on the other. In either case it is a matter of more or less distinct vision. But the change in our enjoyment of music that results from greater nearness to or distance from the point of departure of the sound has (except in very extreme cases) a far other cause. The best argument that we know of on this subject is in Berlioz's "A Travers Chants." Whatever may be thought of Berlioz's genius, or his rank as an artist, there can be no doubt about his having had one of the most delicate ears for all effects of *tone* that ever existed, and his qualifications for discussing subjects relating to *musical sound* are unquestioned. He says:—

"People are always ready to answer, when the question comes up of the sonority of an opera-house or concert-room, that *every note can be heard very well*. But I can also hear very well from my study the cannon that is fired on the esplanade of the Invalides, and yet that noise, which is moreover outside all musical conditions, does not in any way strike, move, or shock my nervous system. Well, it is just this stroke, this emotion, this shock, that sound absolutely must give the organ of hearing in order to act upon it musically, and which we do not receive from even the most powerful masses of voices and instruments, when we listen to them from too great a distance. Some scientists think that the electric fluid cannot traverse a distance greater than a certain number of thousands of leagues; I don't know how true this may be, but I am sure that the musical fluid (I beg leave to thus designate the unknown cause of musical emotion) is without force, heat, or vitality at a certain distance from its point of departure.* We *hear*, but we do not *vibrate*. Now, *we must ourselves vibrate* with the instruments and voices, and by them, in order to experience true musical sensations. Nothing is easier to demonstrate. Place a small number of well-organized persons, gifted with some knowledge of music, in a room of moderate size, not too much furnished or carpeted; play worthily before them some true masterpiece, by a true composer, truly inspired, a work quite free from the insufferable conventional beauties that pedagogues and bigoted enthusiasts admire—a simple piano-forte trio, Beethoven's trio in B-flat, for instance; what will happen? The listeners will, little by little, find themselves seized with an unaccustomed agitation, they

* *Mendelssohn. Letters and Recollections.* By Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Translated by M. E. von Glehn. (Macmillan & Co.)

† Since the above notice of Dr. Hiller's sketch of Cherubini's life has been in type, it has been brought to our recollection that his article appeared in an English dress in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1875, some months previous to its publication in Germany.

* It must not be supposed from this that Berlioz was bad physicist enough to discard the undulatory theory in favor of a "musical fluid" as a theory of sound, as Chomet did. He merely uses the the term that came first to hand, to denote the *cause of musical emotion.*

will experience an intense, profound enjoyment, which will now excite them strongly, now plunge them into a delicious calm, a veritable ecstasy. . . . There you have a musical effect! There you see the listener seized and intoxicated by the art of tones, and raised to an incommensurable height above the common regions of life. . . . . Now suppose that in the midst of the same piece, played by the same artists, the room in which it is played could gradually enlarge, and that, in consequence of this progressive enlargement of the room, the audience is, little by little, removed to a greater distance from the performers. Well, suppose our room to have reached the size of an ordinary theatre; our listener, who but the moment before felt his emotions rising, begins to regain his previous tranquility; he still *hears*, but he hardly *vibrates* any more; he admires the composition, but by reasoning, and no longer from feeling, nor in consequence of an irresistible impulse. The room grows still larger, the listener is farther and farther from the musical focus. He is as far distant as he would be if the three performers were grouped together in the middle of the stage of the Opera,† and he himself were sitting in one of the first boxes in the balcony, opposite the stage. He still *hears*, not a note escapes him, but he is no longer reached by the *musical fluid*, which cannot reach so far; his agitation is dissipated, he grows cold again, he even experiences a sort of disagreeable anxiety, which is the more painful because he makes greater efforts to fix his attention and not lose the thread of the musical discourse. But his efforts are in vain; insensibility paralyzes them; he begins to be bored, the great master tires him, annoys him, the masterpiece is no longer anything more than a little ridiculous noise in his ears, the giant a dwarf, art a deception; he grows impatient, and stops listening."

In the passage just quoted Berlioz merely considers the influence of distance from the point of departure of the sound upon the intensity of the musical impression that the sound produces upon the listener. It stands to reason (as Berlioz goes on to say, though we will not quote his words) that this diminution of musical force is in part to be referred to another cause, namely, to the greater diffusion of the sound in large halls than in small ones. This latter cause will affect the musical impression produced upon any listener in a large hall, no matter at what distance from the performers he may be; even if he sit very near the musical focus, his ear will receive the "musical fluid" much less condensed in a large hall than in a small one. Of course it is a fair subject for debate, how intense it is desirable to have this musical impression, how concentrated the musical fluid should be when it reaches the ear. We are, however, spared the necessity of discussing this point here, from the fact that the principal musicians in both Europe and America are of one opinion on the subject, however much at variance they may be on other points relating to the art of music.

It may be taken for granted that, in general, those compositions for which a large mass of performers (either vocal or instrumental) is required are more suited to large halls than works which require a more modest number of executants. Wagner's prelude to Tristan und Isolde, or Liszt's Tasso, will produce their full effect upon the listener in a hall where a Haydn symphony would lose much of its brilliancy. But here we come to a point concerning which the musical public at large has, it must be admitted, very unmusical ideas. There is no lack of musical persons who will readily admit that a large hall is no proper place for piano-forte sonatas, string quartets, or other chamber music; if a Rubinstein or a Von Buelow is forced by outside circumstances to give chamber-concerts in large halls, they are glad enough to go to hear him, yet they will at the same be as ready to appreciate how much they lose from the size of the hall, as any musician can be. But when it is a question of listening to symphonies or concert overtures, the public seems to lose sight of distinctions which are yet of great importance. A symphony is a symphony, it is said, and the largest hall must of necessity suit the largest form of orchestral composition. The fallacy of this doctrine is easily shown. Largeness of form in a composition does not necessarily imply largeness of orchestral means. Compare the scores of the two following compositions, one in the largest symphonic form, and the other in a comparatively small musical form.

† The old opera-house in the Rue Le Pelletier.

	Beethoven's Symphony in A major is scored for	Wagner's Prelude to Tristan und Isolde is scored for
Wood.	2 Flutes, 2 Oboes,	3 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 1 English Horn,
	2 Clarinets,	2 Clarinets, 1 Bass Clarinet,
	2 Bassoons.	3 Bassoons.
Brass.	2 Horns, 2 Trumpets.	4 Horns, 3 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, 1 Bass Tuba,
	1 pair of Kettle-drums.	1 set of Kettle-drums (3.)
Strings.	First Violins, Second Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Basses.	

A fair proportion of the strings to the rest of the orchestra would be: ten violins on a part for the Beethoven symphony, and fifteen violins (at least) on a part for the Wagner piece. Doubling* the remaining string-parts in a corresponding ratio, we should have in one case an orchestra of fifty-five performers, and in the other case an orchestra of eighty-seven performers. This is at least a prima facie evidence that Wagner's prelude is suited to a larger hall than Beethoven's symphony. When we compare the masses of brass instruments in the two scores, this difference is all the more striking. Of course it is possible to put a larger force of strings upon the symphony; this is often done; but it must be remembered that this will destroy the dynamic balance of the score. If we are to have as large a mass of strings in the symphony as in the Wagner piece, the wind-parts (with the possible exception of the trumpets) will be covered up. The orchestra of the Royal Opera in Berlin is the only one we know of in which the flutes and reeds in classical scores are so arranged as to counterbalance a large mass of strings in strong passages. Each pair of wooden wind instruments is reënforced by a second pair (*ripieni*) which play only in the *tutti* passages.‡ If this method were adopted in all large orchestras, the question of playing classical orchestral works in large halls would be solved satisfactorily at once; but it is not. In America, where we have the largest concert-halls, it is very rarely that we have even a large body of strings. We continually hear works given by orchestras of fifty or sixty performers in halls that would require an orchestra of very unusual size. The reader will notice that we have hinted that the usual four pairs of wooden wind instruments are unable to cope with a large mass of strings *in strong passages*. This brings us to a very delicate point, which is too little noticed. The strings, especially the violins, are the part of an orchestra which most loses in intensity of tone by being heard in a large hall; or, as Berlioz would say, the musical fluid generated by the strings loses its power at the shortest distance from its point of departure. Thus it happens that, although the dynamic balance of the strings and reeds in an orchestra of fifty-five performers,† playing at its mean degree of loudness (that is, mezzo-forte) may be perfect in a small or moderate-sized hall, this equilibrium will be destroyed in a large hall. The violins lose the telling quality of their tone before the wind instruments do. Many delicate passages for the strings are thus covered up the wind. * * *

The strings in an orchestra can play as piano as need be, and in all the degrees of loudness, ranging from the softest pianissimo to mezzo-forte; no mass of strings, no matter how large, need cover up even a single flute. But when we pass beyond the mezzo-forte to forte and fortissimo this mutual dynamic relation of the instruments changes. Although the quality of tone of the violins is, of itself, inferior in penetrating power to that of many other instruments, the accent that can be obtained by a strong stroke of the bow upon stringed instruments is unrivalled in intensity except by the instruments of percussion. This stirring force of accent gives the strings a commanding power of tone in strong passages, which one would hardly expect from instruments that can be so readily subdued to a scarcely audible pianissimo. * * * * * * * *

An orchestra which is suited to a small hall not only loses its specific intensity of effect (the force of its musical fluid) in a large hall, but also the dynamic equilibrium of its component instruments is often shaken. Taking an orchestra of from fifty to sixty performers as the standard for the performance of classical works in small or moderate-sized halls, when the same works are given in large halls the number of executants should be increased in the ratio of the cubic contents of the two halls. This does not refer to orchestral works of the present day, in which the greater brilliancy of instrumentation fits them for performance in large halls with no larger orchestra than would result from a sufficient doubling of the string parts (only in some few cases of the flutes and reeds) to counterbalance the mass of brass instruments with a single player on each part. The very full scores of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, with their large masses of brass instruments, find their proper sphere in large halls. With a body of strings sufficient to counterbalance this brass, they cannot fail to produce their full effect. But when orchestral works of the classic period are transplanted from the smaller halls for which they were intended by the composers, into large concert-halls, a mere increase in the number of strings is not enough; every part should be doubled in a corresponding ratio. Were it possible for us to get at the exact statistics of the dimensions of some of the most noted concert-rooms in Europe (such as the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the concert-room of the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, or the hall of the Paris Conservatoire), we could furnish the curious reader with an array of figures that would prove beyond a doubt that the number of executants necessary for a correspondingly effective performance of classical orchestral works in our large halls far exceeds the limits of any orchestral means we have habitually at command in this country. But these statistics we have found, after much fruitless searching, to be beyond our present reach. We only know that the halls we have mentioned are very much smaller than the large music-halls in which we hear (or try to hear) orchestral works in this country; so much smaller, in fact, as to make any idea of compensating for the difference by increasing our orchestras little better than chimerical.

* We use the term "doubling" here and afterwards in its musical, not in its mathematical sense, to denote increasing the number of performers on a single instrumental part.

‡ This was the case in 1842, and we suppose the custom has been kept up. And even here this strengthening of the flutes and reeds was not done for the purpose of counterbalancing a large mass of strings in classical works, but to counteract the very strong bodies of brass instruments in the scores of Meyerbeer's and Spontini's operas. The effect, however, in classical works was very satisfactory.

† Vide supra.

Wagner at the New York Philharmonic.

The *Music Trade Review*, in a criticism on the first Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at which the first act of the *Walküre* was performed, arrives at the following conclusion about the "leading motives," the "infinite melody," etc.

As to this act of the *Walkuere* performed by the Philharmonic band we have got to say, as indicated in our last article on the subject, that Wagner's music is so difficult to appreciate that it wants special study and unusual attention on the part of a trained musician to follow all his intentions. We have to praise in the work the immense brains, the clever calculations, the clearness of the intentions, and the well-pointed indications with which through the much mentioned *Leitmotive* the hearer is continually reminded, musically, of the entry or the movement of any person represented by this little motif. But the grand and genius-like inspiration, the all-pervading warmth and fire of creative genius, can not sufficiently be replaced by all these auxiliaries, which we will not call clever tricks, but which are nothing but clever auxiliaries, with which art, in the strict sense, has nothing to do, for they are no creation by which art has anything grand to gain. We deny that this so called *unendliche* melody is something new, or that this tetralogy constitutes a *new art*. The Greek unity, which, confessedly, Wagner has in his own words acknowledged to have imitated, the series of recitatives, which are the single expressions of the *unendliche* melody, where we can see the *unendliche* but not the melody, are not new, except in the new but not exactly desirable unending suspense in which the hearer is held, to this unutterable and unpleasant impression; and altogether, after having devoted all possible time and study to reading the orchestral score and the piano score, and reading the immense amount of volumes and articles written on the tetralogy, we have come to the conclusion that Wagner, undoubtedly an excessively clever man, a musician of rare accomplishments, talent and knowledge, deified beyond his deserts and ridiculed by people who did not understand one bar of his work, has out-lived himself;

that like a number of other composers, the inspiration, the youth, the creative vigor, has gradually dried up, and that with an immense , a genius in making his success equal to the genius that made his works, he has pretended to turn his back on melody, which had turned its back on him, and that he has invented, if we may call it so, a new art, which it would be deplorable to see followed by all those who are poor in ideas, and do not possess the immense knowledge and resources of Richard Wagner. It is very easy to turn up your nose at melody. But melody is music, and music is harmonious melody. Of course, in the vulgar adaptation of the word, every little common song is called melody; but the true declamation, the noble inspiration, the clear, rhythmic beauty, the precise accent expressing your inmost feeling, that is melody as the great masters wrote it, and without which it is as impossible to write good music, as without ideas and feeling, you can, with empty words, write a poem. Von Bülow, when here, said that he thought opera was dead, and that Wagner is the last expression of it.

Let us compare other composers', particularly operatic composers', careers, and we will find the same result. Bach, Handel and Beethoven, wrote to the end of their lives with the same train of melody; but what small place takes opera in their life's work! In this century, we find only two celebrated composers who wrote on to the age of Wagner, and both came to the same result.

Mozart died young, and we cannot know what would have become of him had he lived to an old age. So did Bellini. Donizetti got mad, and Rossini ceased writing for the stage when he was 32 years old. But Meyerbeer and Verdi wrote on, and both came to scientific writing when the rich stream of original ideas with which their youth was blessed, came to dry out. The same thing happens to Wagner, who, it is impossible to conceal the fact, delights his audience with the duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, full of streaming, charming melody, which comes in like a God-sent relief after the excruciating tediousness of a long series of recitatives, the originality of which consists in excessively difficult intervals and unconcluding harmonies, which keep the hearer in a continually anxious desire and eagerness after some sort of conclusion, which never in his suspense he seemed destined to reach. It is like the barrel of Sisiphus, continually hoping to reach the last stage of repose, and when you feel you can wait no more, down rolls the barrel, and you have to go through all your anxiety afresh. It is perfectly true that what is immortal has no end, but it is not true that what has no end, is immortal.

All that a great mind, an ingenious and inventive cleverness can do to cover these defects and invest them with the brilliant glittering of a new art, has been successfully done. Wagner is an extraordinary man, in so manifold directions, that he can make a defeat look a victory; but as far as we are concerned, we say that if a work to be appreciated wants all that study, all these preparations, all these combined efforts of so many different branches, and then does not universally please, in any way comparative to the immense outlay of preparation, and if by the side of all this scaffolding, we take the parts of the C-minor symphony, put them on the desk of the musician, and it produces such an extraordinary effect by its own intrinsic value only, without any addition, preparation, mechanism or scenery, then we say that the fifth symphony killed, and always will kill, the Walküre, and no Wagner will dethrone Louis von Beethoven.

Music at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

(From the Annual Report of the Director, MICHAEL ANAGNOS, Oct. 18, 1876.)

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

The love of music is a universal gift from God to man, and its moral effects and practical bearings upon a system of education are of such vast importance as to deserve more than a passing mention.

From the fabled times of Orpheus and Apollo to the present day, music has alwas been regarded as the great handmaid of civilization and moral refinement. It is one of the fine arts which appeal to the imagination as well as to the feelings. Through its instrumentality the sentiments of love, reverence, patriotism, and philanthropy can be kindled, and the foundations of an earnest and sincere, a pure and lofty character laid. It quickens the activity of the intellect, and furnishes it with images of beauty. It leads the mind to think and act of itself. It develops and fosters a general taste for æsthetics. It is a kind and gentle discipline which purifies the passions and improves the understanding. It has a powerful influence in rendering children susceptible of government; and finally it lifts into ascendency the moral and intellectual over the animal nature, by substituting the elements of harmony and order in place of discord and contrariety. In the language of the great educator of Massachusetts, Horace Mann, "Music is a moral means of great efficacy; its practice promotes health; it disarms anger, softens rough and turbulent natures, socializes and brings the whole mind, as it were, into a state of fusion, from which condition the teacher can mould it into what forms he will as it cools and hardens."

Such in brief are the moral effects, and such the general considerations, which call for the culture of musical taste in all children. But besides these, the social advantages obtained from it, and the practical bearings of music upon the condition and prospects of the blind are of such immense value, that they demand with tenfold force a thorough course of musical instruction in all schools established for their benefit. Persons bereft of sight may find in the practice of music sufficient means not only to beguile their solitary hours, but to increase and strengthen their social relations by contributing to social enjoyments. Here they can compete success fully with the seeing. Here they labor under no disadvantage; for, although the contrivance of embossed notes can never equal the value of those read by the sight, yet the blind have a positive advantage over the seeing in the greater quickness and delicacy of their ear, and in their nicer faculty of measuring time. Paganini, on visiting the Institution for Blind Youth at Paris, and hearing the musical performances, declared that he had never had before an idea of correct accord in time.

Humane thoughts and economic considerations like these have always had due weight in the administration of our Institution; and its sagacious founder, eager always to increase the capacity of the blind for self-support, never spared either expense in providing all the necessary musical instruments, or pains in securing the services of able and talented teachers. Thus our musical department continued from year to year to grow in usefulness and importance, until it became a complete conservatory in itself, where the piano, church and reed organ, flute, clarinet, and the various kinds of brass instruments, class and solo singing, harmony, and the history of music are thoroughly and scientifically taught.

The number of pupils connected with this department during the past year was ninety-two, and the time devoted by them to musical instruction and practice varies from one to eight hours per diem.

We have five competent and zealous resident teachers and one assistant (all, with one exception, graduates of our school), and three experienced music readers. Beside these, the services of three eminent non-resident professors are regularly employed for special instruction on particular instruments or in particular branches. Mr. George L. Osgood gives lessons to some of the advanced pupils in the art of singing and vocal training. Mr. Henry C. Brown, of Brown's Brigade Band, devotes two hours per week to individual instruction on brass instruments; and Mr. Ernest Weber teaches the clarinet and flute three hours per week. The department is under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Reeves (himself blind), than whom there is no more earnest and devoted instructor of the blind in the country.

During the past year several new pianofortes and instruments of various kinds have been added to our collection, and a number of the older ones repaired and put in good order. The number of our pianofortes has reached forty, seven of which are exclusively used in the tuning department.

Musical notation according to the Braille system has been constantly used by our classes in harmony, of which there are five in number, and all their exercises are written in it. This system is pronounced by the most competent and impartial judges far superior to all others. It is ingeniously contrived and scientifically arranged. Its method is simple and its acquisition extremely easy. The characters occupy less space and are more legible than those of any other contrivance of embossed notes. A system of musical notation, by which the blind themselves can write and read, is, of course, a great assistance to those who have no opportunities for regular recourse to a seeing reader; but in our establishment there is ample provision for this latter purpose, and thus much valuable time and arduous labor are saved.

Thus the internal means and facilities afforded by our Institution for a thorough musical education are complete and excellent.

External advantages for musical culture and refinement have also been amply enjoyed by our students during the past year. They have had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of the best masters interpreted by prominent artists. Time and space forbid my giving a detailed statement of these advantages. Nevertheless, I must seize the opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks, as well as the gratitude of the whole school, to the various societies and artists to whom we are indebted.

To the Harvard Musical Association, for forty season tickets to their ten symphony concerts, and the public rehearsals to the same. These concerts have for ten years been gratuitously accessible to a sufficient number of our music students, and have contributed much to their pleasure and musical culture.

To Mr. C. C. Perkins, president of the Handel and Haydn Society, for allowing a number of the pupils to attend three of the oratorios.

To Mr. Orlando Tompkins, for admitting large parties of our inmates to seven operas.

To J. B. Sharland, for the privilege of hearing his chorus and the Thomas orchestra.

To Dr. von Buelow, Mr. Ernst Perabo, and Mr. George L. Osgood, for similar favors; and, through the latter, to the Boylston Club, for the privilege of attending two of their concerts and rehearsals.

To Mr. J. B Lang, for his usual hearty invitation to as many of the pupils as could attend his five concerts.

Finally, to Mr. Eugene Thayer, for giving, with the assistance of four of his pupils, six classical organ recitals in the hall of the Institution expressly for the benefit of our inmates. These concerts were of a high order, and Mr. Thayer's appropriate and witty remarks on the various pieces performed, as well as his brief reference to their composers, rendered them so instructive and interesting, that our hall was sometimes crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Thayer's free organ recitals in the city were also regularly attended by our pupils, who constantly remember with pleasure and gratitude his kind efforts in their behalf.

The internal advantages afforded by the establishment for a thorough musical education are within the reach of all pupils, and every one has a fair and faithful trial in elementary instruction; but the higher fields of music are opened only to those who are endowed with a sufficient degree of talent, and who have sufficient patience and determination to make a profession of it, the remainder devoting their time to other callings for which they are more particularly fitted. There is no lack of appreciation of these advantages among our pupils. On the contrary, they influence the imagination of the less thoughtful to such an extent that they manifest a strong desire to apply themselves to music without much regard to the other branches of education. This is a mischievous tendency, arising from a natural error of judgment, and should be strenuously and effectually resisted. It is important that persons who are to devote themselves to the science of music should have well developed and disciplined minds. They should be acquainted with the elements of mathematics and natural history, and should possess a fair knowledge of languages, the general rules of logic, and, if they intend to become instructors, of the principles of pedagogy. No man can rise to eminence in the profession of music without a thorough cultivation of the mind, whereby all the natural talents become broadened and well directed.

THE TUNING DEPARTMENT.

The particular attention which has long been paid in this Institution to the art of tuning and repairing pianofortes has suffered no relaxation during the past year. On the contrary, it has increased; and the means and facilities for thorough instruction and practical training in this important calling have been improved and multiplied.

The number of pianofortes exclusively devoted to the practice of tuning is seven, two of which have been added during the past year.

Nineteen pupils have received instruction in this department, eight having been admitted at different periods during the year, and three graduated at the close of the term. These have already commenced business for themselves, and they have thus far met with such favor and encouragement from the public as to warant the belief of their ultimate success.

The progress of the pupils in tuning has been very satisfactory, and the pressure for admission into this department has been as strong as ever. There has been more attention than usual paid to the practical study of the art of tuning; and a complete collection of all the tools and appliances necessary for making ordinary repairs, and for the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of the piano, has been supplied. Upon this latter subject too much attention cannot be bestowed. Here the blind are too often found to be deficient; and to enable them to become acquainted with the form and working of all parts, and their relations to each other and to the whole mechanism, models of the various actions are employed and carefully studied. Without these a tuning department for the blind is as incomplete and inefficient, as a school of chemistry for the seeing would be without a laboratory. To the firm of Chickering and Sons we are indebted for three of these models, to Henry F. Miller for one, and two others have been made on the premises.

Those of our pupils who have received instruction in music, and have had their taste for it cultivated, but who, owing to the lack of natural talent, fail to become good teachers or performers, are well prepared and eager to learn to tune; and, if endowed with a good ear and a fair amount of mechanical skill, they become experts in this lucrative art, increasing thereby their prospects of self-support.

That the blind succeed wonderfully well as tuners, we have abundant proof in the annals of the Institution for Blind Youth at Paris, and in the experience of our own. It was a pupil of the former establishment, Claude Montal, who wrote the best treatise on the art of tuning pianofortes, and prepared the way for the development of the most systematic and efficient course of instruction for its acquisition; and it is a graduate of our own Institution, Mr. J. W. Smith, who has organized and conducted the most successful tuning departments in this country and in Great Britain. Both of these gentlemen stand high; but they are not alone in their profession. There is a great number of very successful blind tuners in France, some of whom have been very popular with the pianoforte makers of Paris; and there are many in New England who, on the whole, are better qualified in their art than the average of their seeing competitors, and who, despite the difficulties and prejudices which they have had to encounter, have won favor with the public, and are earning a good and honorable livelihood. Several of our tuners, moreover, have been, during the past year, employed in manufactories in the city, and their work has in every instance given satisfaction.

Careful observation and long experience have proved that a high standard of excellence in the study of the art of tuning, both in theory and practice, and a certain degree of business talent and natural refinement, as well as disciplined manners, lie at the foundation of all success. These are rigidly required here. No pupil will ever be supplied with a certificate as tuner unless he is of a stainless character and good address; nor unless he is fully able to take out the action from the pianoforte and put it in again without assistance, to replace a broken string in any part of the instrument, to describe the form and office of every part, and to make all incidental repairs. Let me add in this connection, that every blind tuner who intends to seek employment in the country should secure the services of an intelligent seeing person to act as guide and to assist in such repairs as would be too difficult for one entirely deprived of sight to attempt alone. This has been done by the most successful blind tuners in Paris, and in some cases in this country.

The business of tuning pianofortes outside of the Institution has been increased during the past year, and more than fifty names have been added to the list of our patrons. This work is done by the pupils, who, besides gaining in practice and experience, receive fifty per centum of the net earnings. To some of them the money thus earned is a great help. In acknowledging gratefully all past favors, I would ask for our tuners a full share in this business. They can tune in the best style, and in many cases more correctly than the average seeing tuners. They will wait upon customers in any part of the city or the neighboring towns. Pianofortes will be kept in order by the year at a reasonable rate, and the work is warranted to give satisfaction to competent judges.

Most of the graduates of our tuning department become agents for the sale of pianos and organs. A number of them are already established as such in various parts of the country, and derive handsome incomes from this business.

Our tuning department is under the able management of Mr. J. W. Smith, who, after an absence of three years in Great Britain, where he organized and put into operation a similar one in the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, has returned to his old post with renewed zeal and enlarged experience.

Mme. Essipoff.

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.

(From the Music Trade Review, Nov. 18.)

When we announced Mme. Essipoff's arrival in our last number, we quoted from a letter directed to us by one of the greatest musical authorities in Europe, the following words: "She is a magnificent pianist of the school of Liszt and Rubinstein; far more able than von Bülow, and not nearly so incorrect." This seemed no trifling praise, and yet how far it falls behind the real truth. At last—at last, we can say we have heard a great, admirable, perfect artist!

A pianist need no more of necessity be an artist than an artist is bound to be a pianist. The fact is that so very few pianists are artists, that is to say, that so very few represent in their mechanism more than a certain sum of hours passed in practising, and soul, real art, genius, are out of question. It is not in mere execution that we find the artist.

In Madame Essipoff we discover such a combination of all that makes a great artist, that we might as well say "she is perfect," and save ourselves the trouble of indicating every quality in detail. But that would not be fair. We must try, however difficult it may be, to give our readers an idea of what they are going to hear whenever their good fortune will bring them within the radius of Mme Essipoff's performances.

Everything is extraordinary in Mme. Essipoff—the most extraordinary thing, in our opinion, being that the people understood her (which we very much feared would not occur), though it took them the whole evening to reach that point, seeing that she was called back by the applause to the platform once after the first piece, twice after her second appearance, and three times after the third.

Never have we heard an artist with such a high degree of poesy, with such an unequalled touch, capable of innumerable degrees of *p* to *pppp*, and *forte* to *fff*. She caresses the keys; her fingers drop sometimes like a catspaw, only just touch them, and though she has the most powerful tone any man or woman can hope to produce, her *pianissimo*, and the way she produces it, is an interesting study by itself. She has the specialty of elevating her wrist so as to bend the finger nearly perpendicularly, and then the wrist goes gradually down until it is on a level with the keys, and all the tints of light and shade are brought out in a manner never heard before.

No wonder she plays Chopin better than anybody. Chopin is before all the poet among piano composers. To understand him and interpret him so as to do him full justice, it absolutely wanted a lady—and to the best of our experience, having heard all the great pianists of the day, the Princess Czartoriska, his favorite pupil, was the only one who approached the solution of this nearly insoluble problem. Mme. Essipoff, however, who combines with the most poetic touch and conception that we ever heard, a facility, not of playing difficulties, but of playing with the difficulties which never, however accumulated they may appear, cause her the slightest effort, is, of course, the greatest exponent of this most difficult school.

Our readers who never have seen us give so unconditional an acknowledgement to any artist's claims, will now acquire the certainty that when we have a truly great artist before us, it is our delight, with all our heart, to say so.

To those who have not heard her and will have to wait some time before hearing her, we will try to describe, as far as poor words will go, what she does and how she does it.

We said that everything is unusual in her. She sits so high and so far away from the piano that we should have thought her outstretched arms would soon get tired. But that is a condition which she seems not to admit, for when we asked her manager why she had put down for Friday evening three immense concertos, with orchestra, an effort that would be extraordinary for any man, he replied with the greatest simplicity: "That is no effort; she has done it time and again."

Once seated, her small and graceful foot seeks the pedal, of which she makes a more careful and judicious use than we have ever heard any pianist do, for, through the whole evening, we could not discover a pedal on different chords, or, anyway, the use of it where not absolutely indicated. The way she puts her fingers on the key-board, the five or six different ways of the bending, the movements of the wrist alluded to above, and the different effects thereby obtained, are an exclusive specialty of her's, and explain the immense power with which she dominates the orchestra, although nobody ever produced a more delicate and tender pp. than she does, every now and then. All these movements are made with an unstudied, natural grace, which alone it is a pleasure to observe. She played a great many different composers' works, but it would not be an easy task to point out one that had not been interpreted in the most accomplished manner. Difficulties do not exist for her. She plays the most rapid octave passages, third or sixth passages, arpeggios or scales, with such immense equality, with such extraordinary independence, not only with regard to each hand of the other, but with the most marked independence of each finger by itself. The wonderful tone-painting in her *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, naturally is most astounding in her shakes with the last two fingers, whereas her shake with the first two fingers is of an equality which leaves you to wonder, has she so weakened her thumb, or so strengthened her index, that it is impossible to hear any difference in the touch of the two fingers? Her left hand in single runs, thirds, or octaves, does exactly what her right hand does, and still, with all these marvellous advantages of the best cultivated mechanism, it is not her play with difficulties—the greatest triumph, as it has rightly been stated, the art to conceal her art—it is not this which makes her rank so high in our opinion. It is the complete abandonment of her inner soul to the spirit of the composer—the most touchingly poetic conception and interpretation of every phrase—the deeply felt, and nevertheless never sentimental expression of her singing her phrases, and the perfect ease with which she shows herself equally at home in variations of Rameau, which require so great a clearness, and so perfect an execution in both hands, as in a *toccata* of Sebastian Bach, which she handled with the utmost superiority and correctness, through all the complicated development. The sweet, thoughtful, dreaming style of Chopin's *Andante*, and the crushing dash of Liszt's Hungarian *fantasia*, all this combined, the extraordinary versatility, which simply means that she can play everything with the same mastery, that she stands beyond any difficulty, not only of execution, but of understanding and entering into the spirit of so various and so different composers,—it is this universal, unequalled talent of performance, which makes us say that she stands high beyond any pianist that ever came to this country, with the exception of Rubinstein, whose superior she is, not in power and execution, because that cannot be, but whose superior she is in adorable poetry and interpretation, since Rubinstein broke, so to say, every composition to his undaunted frenzy, when such frenzy occasionally got hold of him, while she remains continually, and with a reserve and modesty that never goes for effect, the interpreter of the great work she has undertaken to perform. Her whole nature is grace and poetry, and the expression of her face, evidently unknown to herself, changes while the inspiration comes over her, and she becomes the prophetess of the creed to which she has devoted herself.

We do not want to be accused of the exaggeration of putting Mme. Essipoff beyond Rubinstein; that is not our opinion, for Rubinstein had a wild, savage, but irresistible dash, with which, in crazy moments, he rushed through every note, but which, in an inspired moment, carried everything irresistibly before him, and in this he is Mme. Essipoff's superior, as she is his superior in poetic and irreproachable interpretation.

If people wish to establish some idea of her playing by comparison, we will only say that she stands undoubtedly higher than any lady pianist here or in Europe, including Madame Schumann, even when she was Clara Wieck, and then at the age of Mme. Essipoff (24). Liszt is the only pianist whom she could not crush; with Rubinstein she has many qualities in common—she is, as we mentioned, his superior in some regards as he is her superior in others. One of the critics, whose poverty of judgment is an established fact, has stated that she is

most like Bülow. . . . . The same great critic speaks about "skilfully rounded harmonies." If he understands what that means, it would be charitable on his part to let us know. Concerning his comparison we can only say that never was there a greater contrast between the schoolmaster-like pedantry of the one and the poetic unconsciousness of the other. Bülow represents the steady laborious worker with a great amount of brains; where, therefore, work and brains would not suffice, where it wanted inspiration (Beethoven) and poesy (Chopin) he failed and failed, too, in the very part of the performance where Mme. Essipoff, from opposite reasons, stands highest. That with all these uncommon advantages she combines a memory which it will not be easy to match, playing as she does dozens of pieces each time by heart, is one of those details that disappear in the immensity of her artistic grandeur. And what a musician she is. It is wonderful to hear how she marks the time and holds the band to herself, and we have been told that at the rehearsals it is she who gives all the necessary indications; and when we see that the moment she has done and the orchestra enters she never looks at the people, but instantly at the instrument whose turn it is to come in, we can readily believe it. Among the perfections of her touch are the *staccato*, light, sharp, determined, and, nevertheless, never dry; and the *legato*, with which her left hand accompanies the right one, and which we can only compare to one man's *legato*, and the man was Rossini, who, at the age of 65 years, accompanied *legato* on the piano in a way that defied any pianist. Under the circumstances the reader of the *Music Trade Review* will understand that there is no talking about single pieces. Of course she plays everything marvellously. What could you expect? She gives with the same hand that so poetically caresses the keys such whippings (*coups de fouet*), and then again such incredibly clear *pianissimos* as in Chopin's Valse, as to make a real revelation of it. In the study of Liszt, for instance, the difficulty is to sing a melody played in continuous change of the two hands. Well, her touch is so well trained and equal that she plays the whole on, and unless you see the hands you can never detect any difference between the finger of one hand and the finger of the other hand. Such is Mme. Essipoff's play all through old, classical and modern composers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 9, 1876.

Orchestral Concerts.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. Those who made their way that stormy Tuesday night (Nov. 21), to old Harvard's grand Memorial Building, to listen to the first concert ever given on that classic ground, and in the most beautiful of amphitheatres, were richly rewarded; and the number who went out from Boston was quite large. Of course all Cambridge was there, whether of the College or the town, eager to *assist* at this auspicious new departure in the musical life of the University. The subscription for a series of six concerts, three of them with Orchestra, had been prompt and generous. Alma Mater offered her most exquisite new hall for the purpose, her Theatre for academic exercises, the worthy complement to that noble building raised in grateful memory of Harvard's sons who gave their lives for their country in the war of the rebellion. Through the august transept, whose walls bear the memorial tablets, and which forms the vestibule to the great Alumni (dining) hall on the left, and to the Theatre on the right, we entered a scene of light and beauty, where reverent sentiment, pure taste and architectural art had done their best; and, though the room was not designed with principal reference to musical performances, yet it had proved at the last Commencement so convenient and good for hearing, that the idea spontaneously suggested itself to many, that here Harvard has a hall fit and attractive for good music, as she has for a year past had a musical Professor, than whom none could be more fit to take the organization of some good feasts of harmony in hand.

It was a good beginning, a success in every way, although it might be rash to say a quite unqualified success; for in truth to our own experience, sitting as we did upon the floor in front of the orchestra, we are bound to confess that the acoustical effect was not entirely satisfactory; there was a certain deadness in the sound, and indeed some blur,—less troublesome, however, as the concert went on and the ear became accustomed. Doubtless many shared this feeling, and many others did not, according to the place from which they listened. But we are well aware that the acoustic qualities of a new hall are not to be fully judged at once; we believe that the walls of a room become attempered gradually by much music-making, like the body of a violin.—The concert this time was by the Thomas Orchestra, and this the programme:

Overture.—"Consecration of the House," in C major, Op. 124.....Beethoven
Unfinished Symphony, in B minor.....Schubert
Allegro moderato.—Andante con moto.
Violin Concerto, in E minor, Op. 64.....Mendelssohn
Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn.
Overture to Shakspeare's "As You Like It," in F major, Op. 28..... .....J. K. Paine
Andante espressivo.—Allegro vivace.
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.....Beethoven

An admirable and most appropriate programme, but too long. A good song, in the place of the Schubert movements, which with all their peculiar beauty and their fascination for the general audience, are extremely mournful,—or else, of a portion of the Concerto, would, we fancy, have relieved the too much of a good thing. A fine orchestral execution throughout was a matter of course although something of the old charm undeniably is missing in that once perfect orchestra, now changed in many of its elements. The Seventh Symphony, even if we allow it faultless in execution, was not so in interpretation; there was an unnatural rapidity of tempo, particularly in the Finale, and even in the introduction, which takes the life out, instead of putting new life into music all-inspired, and setting its own time.—Mr. Jacobsohn's rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto was masterly and won great applause. The one novelty of the concert, and the theme of greatest interest, was Prof. PAINE'S truly beautiful and genial Overture. It is not important that the listener should trace Shakspeare's scenes and characters through the unfolding music. Enough to suppose that the impressions left on the mind by reading of the play dictated the mood, or moods, in which the music was conceived. In the *Andante* you may think of the shady forests of Ardennes and the serious love plot of the story; while the *Allegro vivace* is full of hunting strains, and fresh wood life, sunshine and gayety, with now and then a touch of humor, not without passing reminders of the "winter wind" and "man's ingratitude," but on the whole a fair musical commentary on the text:

Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me, etc., etc.

If Shakspeare's play does not need the Overture, neither does the Overture need Shakspeare. Taken as music purely, without poetic key or programme, it seemed to us a work that may stand for itself, rich, varied, musical, consistent and symmetrical, with a more genial flow than anything we have yet had from its accomplished author. The orchestra, too, played it *con amore*, and the audience received it *con furore*, the composer being compelled to rise in his seat and bow acknowledgment.

The second concert is set down for Thursday evening, Dec. 21. It will consist of Chamber music, thus:—

String Quartet in C major, *Mozart* BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB, Mr. B. LISTEMANN, Leader; Songs: "First Sorrow," "The Absent One," *Mendelssohn*, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD; Piano Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44, *Schumann*, MADAME MADELINE SCHILLER and PHILHARMONIC CLUB; "Song of the Bride," *Schumann*, "The Post," *Schubert*, Mr. G. L. OSGOOD; Piano Solo, MADAME SCHILLER; Sextet for Two Horns and Strings, Op. 81 *b*, *Beethoven*, PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

SECOND HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 23.—The programme, as printed, was as follows:—

Overture to "Lodoiska".....Cherubini
Scena and Romanza from "The Huguenots," 1st Act.....Meyerbeer
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
(Viola obligato, Mr. J. C. Mullaly.)
Overture: "The Hebrides".....Mendelssohn
Songs, with Pianoforte:
a. "Dein Angesicht".....Schumann
b. Journey Song (Wanderlied).....Mendelssohn
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.

Seventh Symphony, in A, op. 92.....Beethoven

We feel assured.—and we are confirmed by the opinion of the best musical authorities in the audience (much larger than the first, and of the most musical character, and closely attentive to the end) that the *tempi* taken in the Seventh Symphony, this time, were just the right ones. Moreover the whole execution and treatment of the work in all its movements, was one of the most satisfactory ever heard from any orchestra in Boston. The instruments were all in tune, the wood band sweet and smooth and sympathetically blended in its tones, the phrasing both of wind and strings clear and expressive; and it was the general feeling of all present that the dear old Symphony was brought near to us and home to us, so that all felt it, in a most enjoyable way. How to account for such "improvement" we are at a loss; the material of the orchestra was no better than before, the numbers somewhat smaller, and the amount of rehearsal less than usual in past years. We think it must be credited to moral influences; that the tone and purpose of the orchestra is raised; that every musician felt the responsibility that rested on himself to save the Boston orchestra, so that all tried, all did their best; and so too in a higher, an inspiring and controlling degree, was it with the Conductor; Mr. ZERRAAN may well feel proud of that day.

The rendering of the two Overtures was also unexceptionable; and in themselves, intrinsically, each was much enjoyed, but with a difference. That to *Lodoiska* was the freshest to the present generation; sincere, sound, unstrained, unaffected music, full of the same sort of simple charm, and often vividly reminding one of passages in the "Water-Carrier" (the play itself, not the Overture), with all the mastery, the fine sense of fitness, the *ars celare artem*, possessed in so high a degree by Cherubini. Mendelssohn's romantic, seashore Overture has more depth of poetry, more ideal wealth, more of modern color contrast, and its charm is ever fresh.

The Scena and Romanza from the *Huguenots* was peculiarly well fitted for Dr. LANGMAID'S voice and style. It is not a "heroic" Aria (as some of the critics said of it the next morning), made for your robust tenor; it is simply a delicate and tender love song, most of the time with no accompaniment save that of a single viola (originally *viol d'amour*), with its soft aerial arpeggio; the orchestra enters in the pauses of the song, with bits of chorus in the play. It is a very lovely melody, full of fervor, as of grace and sweetness. And in that sense it was sung, and sung effectively, in a beautiful and sympathetic quality of tone, with true artistic finish and refinement, as well as honestly and simply. The alleged falsetto high tones (what matter how we call them if they are only *good* tones?) were in fact not falsetto, with the exception of perhaps once or twice; they may have been *made* tones, tones methodically developed, but they were musical, substantial, pleasing tones. The piece was sung precisely as Meyerbeer wrote it, with all the difficult cadenzas, and no note avoided. The Viola *obligato* was beautifully played. The best appreciated of Dr. Langmaid's efforts was that perfect melody of Schubert's: "Du bist die Ruh," which he substituted for the song by Schumann, and which indeed he sang with exquisite purity and truth of feeling, to the judicious and tasteful piano accompaniment of Mr. PARKER. The "Wanderlied" was hardly so effective.

THE LAST THOMAS CONCERTS. Turning back to record the fourth and fifth of the series (Nov. 20 and 22), we can hardly do more than name the pieces.

The fourth concert opened with the lovely Symphony from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, of which the rendering, though delicate and nice, was not entirely unaffected; the excessive *pianissimo*, too often a fault in these Concerts, seemed not in the spirit of Sebastian Bach. The "No. 1" of Beethoven's *Leonore* Overtures (though there is reason to suppose that it was composed some years after the great No. 3, of which it seems to be a fainter sketch) was beautifully played. The other orchestral selections were new or nearly new to to us. Schumann's "Bilder aus Osten," Op. 66, (adapted for Orchestra by

Reinecke) have a certain oriental seductiveness, and the pictures are quite varied. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Pastoral Introduction and Overture to his Oratorio, "The Light of the World," seemed to us strong, impressive writing, with a well-marked individuality. The other pieces were *Airs de Ballet* by Tschaikowsky, Gounod's grotesque and pretty "Funeral March of a Marionette," and a rich and brilliant Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*.—The Quartette of Swedish Ladies sang several of their unaccompanied pieces in such admirable manner that the public called for more. A new tenor singer, Mr. GEORGE WORRENRATH sang an Aria from Handel's *Sosarme* in a chaste, well studied style; but in a dramatic English song: "The Sands of Dee," and the Scotch "Roy's Wife," the interest in his voice and singing rather flagged.

The last concert began with a highly dramatic, tragical, and in parts declamatory Overture to *Othello*, by Prof. F. L. Ritter, of Vassar College. It is a strong, impressive work, and richly scored. The Adagio and Scherzo from Beethoven's fourth Symphony came in, in the midst of the miscellaneous programme, like "the sweet of the night." The "Phaëton" of Saint-Saëns was just the thing for such an orchestra, and was of course encored. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. SHERWOOD played a Grand Duo Concertante by Weber, arranged for two pianos by Henselt (from the Clarinet Concerto, op. 48);—it was a brilliant piece of virtuosity, full and sonorous, but on the whole tedious. Mrs. Sherwood played, with orchestra, the *Capriccio Brillant* of Mendelssohn, and very finely. The Swedish Ladies and Mr. Werrenrath sang as before, and the Concert ended with the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture.

Chamber Concerts.

HUGO LEONHARD'S MATINEES. Hardly a more poetic interpreter of what is best in pianoforte music, or one more deeply imbued with the spirit of the great masters, or more uncompromising in his loyalty to truth in Art, has lived among us than Mr. Leonhard. He always found sympathetic and admiring audience for his renderings of such rare tone-poems as the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, the F-minor of Chopin, and of the Fugues, Sonatas, Fantaisies, Nocturnes, etc., of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and the rest. He always makes admirable programmes; always studies and prepares them conscientiously. It would seem this time almost *too* conscientiously; for in the first two matinées, of which we have already given the programmes, with all that there was fine in his intentions, and partly also in his renderings, it became too evident that his nervous system was unstrung, or in some way out of the normal condition, so that one's sympathy with the endeavor became painful. The wise physician interposed to put a veto on his playing more in public for the present—we trust a short sea-on of rest will make all right again. Meanwhile the remaining Matinée, Dec. 1, was kindly taken in hand by a number of his brother artists (Messrs. LANG, PARKER, PERABO, FOOTE and DRESEL) who, with the kind aid of the charming singer, Miss NITA GAETANO, gave the concert for him, involving of course an entire change of plan. This beautiful tribute to Mr. Leonhard, with its thoroughly unique programme, and the complete success of the performance, make the occasion memorable. A more notable concert has not occurred here, and probably, will not occur, this winter.

1. Concerto for three Pianos, D minor....J. S. Bach
(Accompaniments arranged for a fourth Piano.)
First movement.
Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Parker and Dresel.
2. Songs. *a.* "Ave Maria".....Gounod
b. "Barcarolle".....Gordigiani
c. "Au Printemps".....Gounod
Miss Nita Gaëtano.
3. Duet for two Pianos, on a theme by Beethoven,
C. Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Lang and Foote.
4. Songs. *a.* "Wild was the day when he came,"
(op. 4, No. 7.....Rob. Franz
b. "How truly thine" (Op. 14, No. 6). Rob. Franz
c. "Spring Night".....Schumann
Miss Nita Gaëtano.
5. Concerto for three pianos, C major.....J. S. Bach
[Accompaniments arranged for a fourth Piano]
Allegro—Adagio—Fugue.
Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Parker and Dresel.

The audience, of the highest character, completely filled Wesleyan Hall, and musically the satisfaction was complete. The wonderful freshness, the vitality, the richness, the clearness [with all its fascinating polyphonic intricacy] of those Concerto movements by Bach, was never felt more vividly before. Such wholesome music, and so full of genius! We all drank music in at every pore. For the performance, by such a combination of artists, was singularly perfect, and not one effect was blurred or lost. Bach's string accompaniments were played by Mr. Dresel on a fourth piano. The single movement from the D-minor Concerto was to us the best of all, if best there could be where all was so good; and we could not but regret that we had not the whole Concerto.

The Duet by Saint-Saëns on the Trio from one of Beethoven's Sonatas, is a very skilful, ingenious and effective piece of variation writing; many of the variations being much after Beethoven's own manner; though one or two of them are decidedly French, and there is some prolixity in the concluding portion. The introduction also seemed to us superfluous, indefinite, such as might lead to anything; would it not have been better to proceed at once to the business in hand, the statement of the theme? It is a work not easy of performance, and if we say that Mr. Arthur Foote proved not ill matched with Mr. Lang, the rest will be understood.

And now for the singer—in some respects the most notable and charming fresh appearance in that character that we have had for some time. Miss Gaëtano, not unknown here seven or eight years ago as Miss Mackie, from New Orleans, has in the mean time been studying with Wartel in Paris, and for several years past has lived in England, singing in Gounod's and in other concerts with success. She is on a short visit to her friends here now. She has a wonderfully rich, sweet, sympathetic soprano voice, especially in the lower tones, which have a sort of sunset purple hue. Occasionally a high tone was a little over-loud and hard; but for the most part her singing was exquisite, and she entered fully into the spirit of the songs, with the exception perhaps of the first by Franz ["Er ist gekommen"] which she did not seem to have made so completely her own that she could sing it out with freedom. "How truly thine" was faultless. And the Schumann song was so beautiful in itself, so finely sung, and so exquisitely accompanied (as were all the rest) by Mr. Dresel, that the delight of the audience knew no bounds. She responded to the encore with the "Im Wald" by Franz.

We heard the question asked on all sides: Why can we not have concerts like this by the same artists, once a week or fortnight through the winter?

NEW YORK, DEC. 2.—In the week ending Nov. 25 Mme. ESSIPOFF gave two evening concerts and two matinées. At the first matinée she played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53, "Des Abends" and "Springbrunnen," by Schumann, a Gavotte by Raff, a Nocturne, a Mazurka and a Valse by Chopin, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8. M. Vivien played the "Fantasie Caprice" of Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski's Polonaise; and Mdlle. Reber sang "Ah! mon fils" by Meyerbeer, and Clay's ballad "She wandered down the mountain side."

At the concert on Wednesday evening, the following programme was rendered:

1. Fantaisie.....Chopin
Mme. Essipoff.
2. Ballad—"It was a dream".....Cowen
Mrs. Louise Oliver.
3. Concerto.....Leonard
M. Alfred Vivien.
4. *a.* Barcarole.....Rubinstein
b. Menuet.....Schubert
c. Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
d. Scherzo.....Chopin
Mme. Essipoff.
5. Legende.....Dulcken
M. Alfred Vivien and the composer.
6. *a.* Song.....Robert Franz
b. Nightingales' Trill.....Ganz
7. Paraphase sur des Motifs de Rigoletto.....Liszt
Mme. Annette Essipoff.

The selections above named are sufficiently diverse to afford a fair field for testing the merits of any pianist, but Mme. Essipoff has already proved herself superior to all tests, and criticism of her performance is merely enumeration of her merits. Her playing is absolutely faultless, unless an occasional deviation from generally received notions of *tempo*, in certain classical compositions, is considered as a fau't. Mme. Essipoff undoubtedly takes liberties with the tempo, as she did in the case of the Minuet by Schubert, which she dashed off in a manner that would have astonished the old-time votaries of that stately and slow-going dance. Nevertheless not a note was slighted, and the inspiration, the delicate aroma of the piece, which would have escaped under a rude hand, was not lost. We have said that Mme. Essipoff can play Chopin. To describe her reading of the Fantasia and of the Scherzo it is only necessary to repeat that assertion. But what a catalogue of great and wonderful qualities is embraced in that simple statement! Apropos of composers, there is a *mot* of the French: "In order to succeed at the Conservatoire it is necessary to be dead:" and so it may be that, to interpret the music of Chopin, as it should be interpreted, would be to die, as Chopin himself died of his own genius. We hear, now and then, of a true expounder of the gifted Pole, usually some far away Princess, with an unpronounceable name, but now we have the Princess at our very door.

The Liszt Paraphrase which came at the end of the bill was probably intended as a sop to the popular Cerberus. As a display of virtuosity it was remarkable, but it was not received with marked enthusiasm. Perhaps our Cerberus is beginning to rate such trash at its true value.

On Friday evening, Nov. 24th, Mme. Essipoff played Schumann's "Carnival," Nocturne by Field, Von Bülow's *Intermezzo*, and pieces by Chopin and Schubert.

On Monday evening, Nov. 27th, the programme was made up almost entirely of selections from Chopin, opening, however, with a Sonata by Rubinstein for piano and violin, (in A minor), rendered by Mme. Essipoff and M. Vivien. Rubinstein's genius is shown in this, as in all of his compositions; but there is too much of the untamed Cossack in the piece to suit our taste. The performance was not entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as M. Vivien, in his effort to read the music,—with which he seemed not thoroughly familiar, failed in his bowing, producing a harsh and very unpleasant tone. In Wieniawski's "Caprice Fantastique," which came later, he did much better. The Chopin numbers were:

Ballade, G minor; Berceuse; Polonaise, Op. 26; Mazourka, in A; Valse; Nocturne, in E; and Tarantelle.

Each piece was exquisitely rendered, and it is hard to praise one more than another.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, the selections were entirely from Beethoven:

Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, C minor,
Mme. Essipoff and M. Vivien.
"La Vita Felice,"
Miss Lilian Norton.
Sonata—"Quasi una fantasia," Op. 27, No. 2,
Romanza for Violin in G,
Song—"Mignon."
Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2.

In the Sonata for piano and violin, M. Vivien manifested the same defects which we had before noted viz: rough and unequal bowing; thinness where a full, broad tone is required, and inaccurate stopping. Altogether the favorable impression which he made at his first appearance is not confirmed, although there is still much to be said in his favor.

Mme. Essipoff in her interpretation of Beethoven, showed an amazing power of execution, subduing all technical difficulties so comp'etely as to conceal their very existence. As for her poetic conception, no language can describe it.

Berlioz was undoubtedly right in saying that there are not six pianists in the world who can play the "Moonlight" Sonata as it should be played. No one who heard the ineffable Adagio, of the opening — that divine melody, soaring faint and clear as the "horns of Elfland," above the fateful arpeggios, can doubt that in Mme. Essipoff we have a true interpreter of Beethoven's music. The beautiful episode which forms the second part of this Sonata, and which Liszt has compared to a "flower between two abysses," is like the remembrance of happiness in a time of grief; and its interpretation was a triumph of the art which conceals art; while the great Finale, that funeral hymn of hope, was truly a revelation.

On Friday evening, Dec. 1, the programme was miscellanous, not altogether satisfactory from an artistic point of view, but doubtless calculated to draw a full house. Mme. Essipoff's selections were as follows:

Andante et Scherzo,
Impromptu, [de la Rosamunda].....F. Schubert
Prelude and Fugue, D flat.....Bach
Gavotte, D minor.....Gluck Brahms
La Sonnambula, [fantasie].....Thalberg
Chant des Pecheurs, Mazourka.....Leschetizki
Valse [d'apres Johann Strauss].....Tausig
"Man lebt nur einmal."

Mlle. Gomien sang a Scena and Cavatina "Romeo," by Bellini and the Romance, "Knowest thou the land," from the "Mignon" of A. Thomas.

M. Vivien played the "Introduction, Cadenza, and Adagio Religioso" by Vieuxtemps, and *Legende* by F. Dulcken, in which he was accompanied on the piano by the composer, who is a thorough musician, and an excellent accompanist. M. Vivien displayed considerable facility of execution in this piece, but his violin was not strictly in accord with the piano, and this was no accident, for we have shown the same fault in his performances on several other occasions.

The managers of the Essipoff Concerts have secured the coöperation of Theo. Thomas and his orchestra for the coming week and we shall enjoy the pleasure of hearing the great *pianiste* in two concerts and one matinée with an adequate orchestral support. She will play Beethoven's 4th Concerto; the G-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn; the 2d Concerto, in G minor, Saint-Saëns; and Chopin's Concerto in E minor.

A. A. C.

LEIPZIG. The fourth Gewandhaus Concert, (Oct. 26), had for programme: Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Cavatina: "Glöcklein im Thale," from the same, sung by Frau Kölle-Murjahn from Carlsruhe; Concerto in B minor for violoncello, by Davidoff, played by a member of the orchestra (Jul. K'enzel); Songs with piano; and a new Symphony by Raff (No. 7, in B flat), "In the Alps." This last named novelty, according to the *Signale*, 'made *tout bonnement* a fiasco.' "That it deserved this fate, it cannot alas! be denied; for in all four movements (bearing the special titles: *a.* "Wandering in the high mountains:" *b.* "In the tavern;" *c.* "On the Lake:" *d.* "At the swinging fest; Leave taking") it contains far too little of what, in respect to invention, fascination or attraction, is calculated so give pleasure, and far too much of what is odd and angular, faulty in form, empty and dry in fact, but raised by all sorts of manœuvres to a semblance of significance and weight; in short far too much of what is to be reached on the one hand by rumi-

nating and reflecting, on the other by routine and sleight of hand; qualities which exist largely in Raff's music, and which, when so wholly unrelieved as in the present case, can only have a depressing effect."

—Weber's early opera, *Abu Hassan* (pronounced still wonderfully fresh and charming), and Schubert's *Der Häusliche Krieg*, have been revived at the Stadttheater.

PARIS. The correspondent of the London *Musical Standard*, Oct. 31, writes:

The second Concert Populaire, which took place last Sunday, will not readily be forgotten either by M. Pasdeloup or his audience. A remarkably interesting programme, including the Scotch Symphony, and Air de Danse of the late regretted Felicien David, Bizet's Arlésienne music, and, positively, two works new to Paris, attracted a more than usually large number of persons to the Cirque. When the preparatory tap of M. Pasdeloup was heard, there were probably not fewer than four thousand people in the room, amongst them M. Jules Simon, the leading critics, and some hundreds of foreigners. The occasion was plainly not an ordinary one. In the audience there was a certain suppressed excitement only noticeable on the great field-days—please understand the word literally. To explain, I must tell you that the two novelties set down for execution were respectively the Andante and Minuet from Handel's 4th Concerto, and The Funeral March from the Götterdämmerung. Handel's Andante fell flat, the Minuet had better fortune, and, though coming in for a more cordial reception, it is clear that the simplicity of the man who wrote the "Messiah" is not heartily appreciated here or soon likely to be.

Thus far matters had gone smoothly enough, but hardly had the last sweet earnest chords of the concerto died away, when there began the most senseless, violent tumult. A strong majority of the audience evidently had determined not to give the Bayreuth composer a hearing, while a smaller, but equally resolute, minority was just as bent on the programme being carried out in its integrity. Eventually the latter carried the day, and, amidst a disturbance, which proceeding from the gallery of a New Cut "penny gaff" (if they have galleries), would have been as natural as coming from the benches of the Paris Cirque; it was ridiculous and misplaced. The much talked of March was allowed to continue.

On a single hearing, I must say, the March does not make a favorable impression, and is, moreover, perfectly unintelligible to anyone who has not followed the development of the Niebelungenring's story from the beginning. Our musicians were not hidden as those of Bayreuth were. The harshness of Wagner's brass had nothing to soften it at the Cirque, and the overwhelming tubas came to our ears untempered by the merciful mediumship of distance. I cannot but think that, from an artistic point of view, it was an utter mistake to pitch upon this particular number for performance. To understand it at all, one should have seen the opera (or at least have read it carefully): even then it would still remain a mystery to the mass. Interesting though it was, no doubt, to a few men of high musical education and to the critics, it was quite unsuitable for a popular concert or a popular audience. Having said this much, I feel bound to thank M. Pasdeloup for giving us the opportunity of forming an idea of the tetralogic music.

London.

The MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS began on Monday evening (November 6), and will continue, with a month's interval at Christmas, until the end of March, 1877. Mr. Arthur Chappell has issued a promising prospectus. The list of solo artists includes the names of Madame Schumann, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Mr. Franklin Taylor, Herr Barth, M. Wieniawski, and Herr Joachim. We annex the scheme of Monday:—

Octet in F, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, French Horn, and Bassoon.....Schubert
MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Lazarus, Wendtland, Winterbottom Reynolds and Piatti.

Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1, for pianoforte alone.....Mendelssohn
Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

Sonata in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello.....Beethoven
Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti.

Quartet in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello.....Haydn
MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini and Piatti.
Conductor.....Mr. Zerbini.

ORATORIO. The prospectus of the forty-fifth season of the Sacred Harmonic Society proves that the conservative line of policy which has hitherto ruled the councils of this Association is still to be adhered to. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," and "Athalie;" Handel's "Israel in Egypt," "Messiah," and "Solomon;" Haydn's "Seasons;" Costa's "Eli;" and Spohr's "Last Judgment," are the Oratorios promised; and the plan of giving a selection from the lesser-known works of Handel and other composers, inaugurated last season, will be repeated. That Professor Macfarren's Oratorio "The Resurrection," which achieved so decisive a success at the Birmingham Festival, should not have been included in the programme must excite universal surprise, especially as Sir Michael Costa, the conductor of the Society, may be said to have tacitly acknowledged the verdict of the audience by leading the composer forward at the conclusion of the performance. The season is announced to commence on the 24th inst., with Handel's "Israel in Egypt."—*Ibid.*

Christine Nilsson's Visit to her Birthplace.

After having finished her concert tour through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, Christine Nilsson paid a visit to her native place, which she has not seen since she rose to her present fame. Her home is situated on the main road between Wexiö and Christianstad, in Smaland. She had promised to give a concert in the church at Wexiö, the proceeds of which were to go to a fund for the erection of workmen's dwellings in Wexiö. After her arrival in this town she proceeded on Tuesday, Sept. 26, to Herr A. Wideman's to rehearse the duet with Herr Olsson, which was one of the pieces on the programme for the concert next day. As soon as Fru Nilsson's voice was heard by the people passing the house, a crowd collected outside. On looking out, Fru Nilsson recognized one of her brothers, Andreas, who with his little son had come to town, and now with great pride showed him "Aunty Stina." The friendly and hearty way in which Fru Nilsson saluted her brothers through the window made a good impression on the crowd outside. Later in the day she and her husband were seen walking together with these relations in the market-place. In the evening she dined with M. Schandes, where she met the Bishop and some of the principal inhabitants of the town and the county. Next day, the day of the concert, was a holiday in Wexiö. All the shops were shut, and all the streets and places were crowded by the Wexiö people in their holiday attire. At one o'clock the church opened its doors, and was soon filled to excess. Christine Nilsson sang five songs and two Swedish ballads, with which she enraptured her audience. At the end of the concert she was presented with a laurel wreath. On her way to the hotel she was heartily cheered by the populace, and greeted with a shower of flowers from the houses she passed. In the evening a *soupé* and a ball were given in the town hall in honor of the celebrated singer.

Thursday forenoon she departed from Wexiö in Herr Brukspatron Dahl's carriage, accompanied in another by Herr Schandes and her nephew. On her way through Vederslöf and Dänningelanda she paid a visit to Vederslöf Church, where she was met by her brother Magnus, who showed her the graves of their parents. She promised to erect monuments over their graves, and to have a railing placed round them. She then entered the old parish church, which is soon to be pulled down. She desired to be informed when this would take place, as she wished to purchase the old peculiar decorations around the altar. When the new church would be ready, she declared herself willing to present it with an organ or a church harmonium. At the church she was joined by her sister-in-law and her youngest daughter, who accompanied her to their home.

On her arrival there (the farm is called Sjöabohl) she found that the little house had been decorated both outside and inside, and that all her relations had assembled to receive their celebrated kinswoman. The house is now owned by her eldest brother, Anders. They partook of dinner and Christine Nilsson proposed the health of all her relations, and drank with each of them. She expressed her joy at finding all her brothers and sisters alive and in good health. Her husband could not, of course, converse with his wife's relations, but he made a good impression on them all by his friendly manners. To her most distant relations he presented small amounts of money.

On her return through Nöbbeled, where she in the forenoon had been received by a choir of twenty-five school children, she invited the children to some refreshments in the inn, made some presents to them, and sang some verses for them. The windows were open, and the crowd of people collected outside had thus also an opportunity of hearing her. On the road to Wexiö there were people assembled everywhere to get a sight of the famous Swedish nightingale. By the beneficence of Christine Nilsson, her brothers are now all in possession of their own farms, she having paid off the mortgages with which most tenants in Sweden and Norway are burdened. She has five brothers and one sister alive. She is herself the youngest of the family, having been born in 1843.

Her visit will long be remembered by all classes in her native place. H. L. B.

—*London Musical World, Nov.* 11.

Special Notices.

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A song that captures you at first hearing. Already very popular.

Sweet be thy Dreams. F. 3. c to D. *Strini.* 30
"I care not what those dreams may be,
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A smooth going song with a neat Italian melody.

Wayfarers. *Ab.* E to E. *Murray.* 30
"The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep."
Very charming, every way.

Late to Church. *Eb.* 3. b to E. *Coe.* 30
"For every one seemed saying: Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"
The reason why she—and Tom—were so late was, they came the longest way. Extremely pretty.

Four-Leaved Clover. D. 3. E to F. *Wilmot.* 30
"As pretty Jane and I, one day,
Were strolling o'er the green."
A nice little story, and nice little song.

Silent Speech. F. 3. c to F. *Wilmot.* 30
"We'll sit on the bank of sweet primroses made,
And list to the song of the mill."
Very well imagined and sweet song.

Instrumental.

First Dip Schottische. C. 3. *Rosewig.* 40
Very pretty picture title, and equally pleasing music.

From a True Heart. (Aus truem Herzen.)
Eb. 3. *Lange.* 35
A "true heart" accords, in this piece, with perfect grace and taste.

Album for Organists. By Eugene Thayer.
No 6. Variations on "Pleyel's Hymn."
(One performer.) *Gerrish.* 60
No. 13. Festintrade. (Festival Overture.)
(Two performers.) *Volckmar.* 1.25
Two more numbers of this valuable concert series.

Dancing Sunbeam. Schottische. *Eb.* 4. *Everest,* 50
Sunny and bright enough for the name, and, in addition, has a kind of dancing, "prancing" movement which only partly belongs to sunshine.

Spinnrädchen. (Spinning Wheel.) *Db.* 4. *Spindler.* 65
Of course, it has the "whirr" of the wheel, but most gracefully blended with a fine melody, which it accompanies throughout.

Merry Maiden Waltz. *Eb.* 4. *Locke.* 50
Something quite delicate and tasteful in the melody. A bright and "merry" piece.

Angel's Wings. Romance. F (and D minor.) 4. *Aubert.* 40
Very smooth and graceful piece of much beauty.

BOOKS.

THE WORLD OF SONG.
This is a new volume of the "Home Musical Library" Series, which now includes 19 books. The World has 250 pages Sheet Music size, and a remarkably good collection of Songs and Duets, all good in themselves and all already popular. $2.50 in Boards; $3 in Cloth; $4 full Gilt.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.